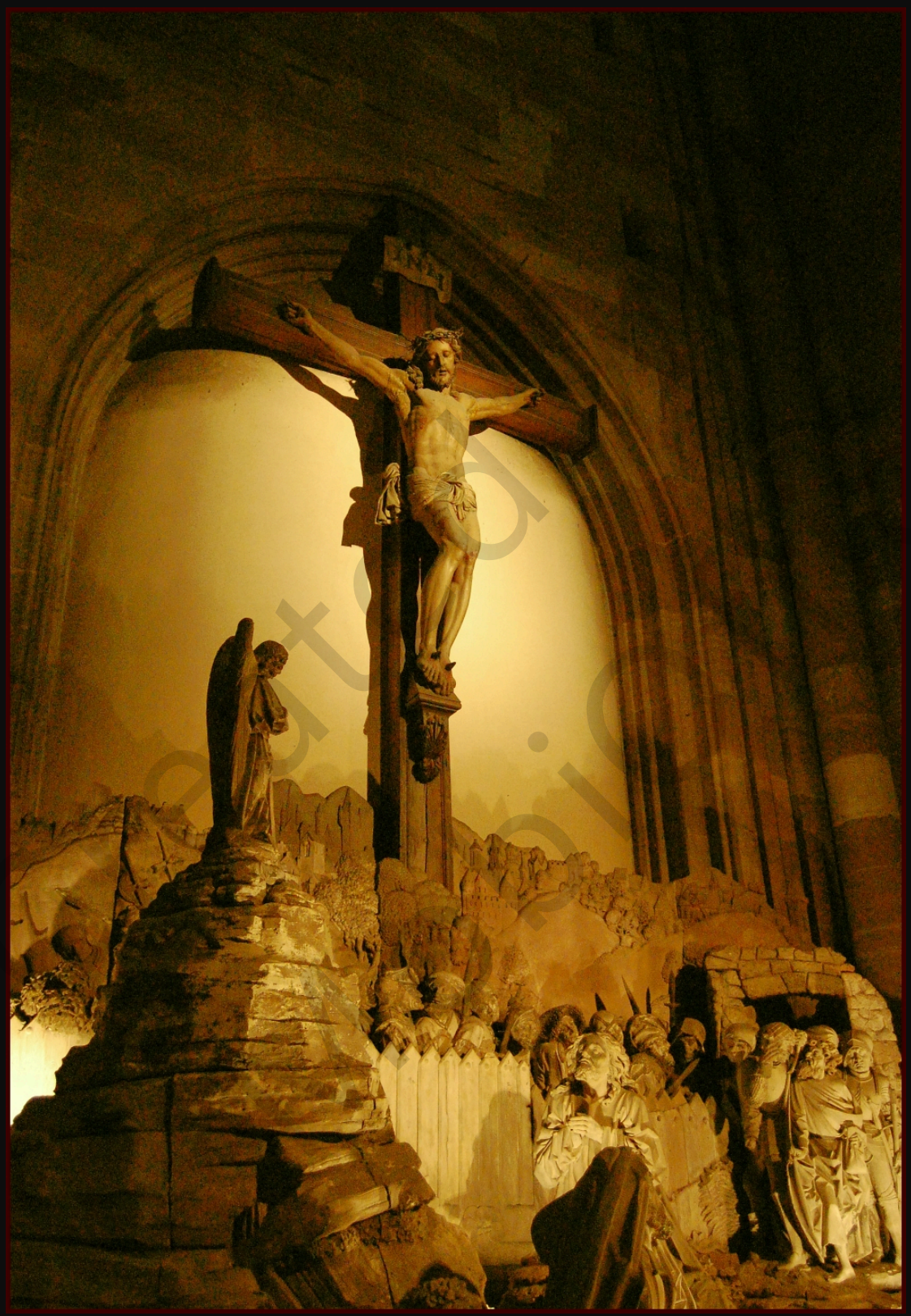

Only A Dream, Jesus!

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Disclaimer: *"I'm part of the Precariat, hands off my small change!"* - No warranties! Read at your own risk, or skip it.

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License note: The German original runs under a Creative Commons license, but, so far, I did not sign one for translation rights OR my works in other languages.

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The story begins:

It was a moonless night, dark and windy. Still, the city was burning in several places. The sounds of fighting and occasional death cry from every direction. In contrast to that, nigh absurdly mundane, occasional family cars and some helicopters in the sky.

Like so many others, two friends also rushed through the night. Trans person Jaycee and Boredom's Paragon (heterosexual), Effro Brough. Both had, proverbially, already been fisted (overwhelmed) by panic and danger.

No surprise, for the last ten minutes alone had included witnessing three rapes, riots, and a guessed fifteen bloody murders.

There was a lot more of injustice committed, but as with anybody else, the duo was limited to the individual perception.

`To the army barracks, or the nearest police station, or out of this city!´, shouted Jaycee to Effro.

Effro fell short of stopping to move on, dumbstruck.

`No! To the church.´, Effro insisted fiercely solemnly.

`They will not go soft on churches, the synagogue and the mosque are already burning, too!´, argued Jaycee.

Again, Effro was so touched by Jaycee's remark that he nearly stopped moving.

`Do you suffer amnesia or blackouts? Bullets, blades, or batons cannot stop these fiends!´, inquired Effro.

Memories of the costumed assailants made their way back into Jaycee's mind. They looked like phantoms from a nightmare, but this was the real world. More, than psychos on military drugs, or disguised, hostile soldiers they could not be for real!

`We will help. NOW!´, came Jaycee's decision to make a stand.

The warrior-trans person charged a nearby psycho-phantom, body-checking it brutally, thereby slamming it off its victim.

The victim, a woman, stared at Jaycee in utter disbelief.

`Let me die, run to the church!´, spoke the violated woman, while she spat blood.

Now, it was Jaycee's turn to hesitate and be dumbstruck. But, before he could the phantom attacked anew and had to be put down by a fast and hard combo of punches by Jaycee.

`Jaycee, we must reach the church. Bashing demons won't help anyone!´

Jaycee turned back and forth, even with Effro's pull on his shoulder. The mere thought of abandoning civilians was against his most innate convictions.

`I can't just watch them suffer!´, screamed Jaycee.

`They know. Stop blaming yourself. To the church, quickly!´, bitched Effro, who by now looked stressed out as beep.

Cautious jogging only two streets further made the oft-mentioned church finally come into their line of sight. Just another besieged building.

`You are still sure that your faith will protect us?´, asked Jaycee.

Again, and more severely than before, Effro nearly froze when hearing that.

`Check on that with your daddy!´, muttered Effro finally.

People around saw Jaycee and also began to move toward the church. So did the first mob of phantoms.

Jaycee and Effro ran to the church's front door.

Jaycee watched around, worried, toward the other civilians. Precious seconds were wasted, while their pursuers closed on in on them all.

Effro, losing patience, pushed Jaycee through the opened church door.

Inside the church, there awaited nothing `sanctified´. Shattered windows, blood, and the valiant few people, who tried to resist the phantom onslaught. Simple barricades under a Christian cross.

Jaycee still did not understand, why they all seemed to care more about the church than about thwarting off the attackers.

The phantoms were close, and they did fiercer than ferocious movie werewolves and hungry zombies tended to do.

`To the crucifix!´, shouted Effro once more.

Jaycee made one step back, then two steps toward the enemies. Instincts urged to protect and defend, not craven withdrawal. Warrior souls often had a problem with such.

`Move to that goddamn cross, else we all will be butchered here like helpless cattle!´, screamed Effro at Jaycee. (No cattle deserve that, animal lives matter! -> The author)

The hatred in Effro's eyes was real, but clearly the same was true of his companion's worry and loyalty.

It seemed, Effro at least believed Jaycee to make a fatal mistake by his choice.

Jaycee made three quick, wide steps toward the altar, above which the mentioned crucifix hung high. But, when people again screamed in pain, attacked by the homicidal phantoms, he turned around once more.

Before Jaycee could charge into battle, Effro had wrestled him into a hold and pushed him toward the altar. Not for fun, for even a struggling Jaycee could see that his friend was in dire pain and wouldn't last much longer.

`I will not abandon a friend in need!´, declared Jaycee.

`Neither will I, but your father, like it or not, sadly is correct with his assessment on the topic.´, managed Effro to reply in his struggle.

Inevitably, Effro succumbed to the pain. Simultaneously, Jaycee felt a power surging from behind him, a force long not felt. He was about to turn toward it, but once more the phantoms made him stare at the enemy, as more of them charged into the church.

`Friends, and once brothers in arms, but I CANNOT go with you any further.´, recited Effro.

Jaycee only felt a soft, gentle backward pull, something so beyond physics that Jaycee didn't want to resist it. Fire, toxic smoke, and even the hateful phantoms lost all meaning.

But not Effro, a friend left behind, just like the valiant few, who risked their lives resisting the phantoms.

`Father!´, screamed Jaycee, with a righteous fury and a vengeance on seeing injustice winning.

Yes, Jaycee screamed: Father. All of us others would have, my guess, instead screamed `God!´.

The end

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Only read this add-on, if you want to know the story-intend:

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In this dream turned fiction: Jaycee, JC, J.C., Jesus Christus doesn't remember the past, unaware that he cannot just pull friends out of Hell. Effro instead, eternally damned and an enemy of God, is fully aware of such, hence, his jaw drops, when Jaycee asks HIM about faith in protecting & saving anyone (role reversal). Effro weakens, as the cross aka crucifix symbolizes the imminent presence of God (divine providence), where Effro remains unwelcome forever, but which also is the guaranteed safety for Jaycee. Effro hurts but attempts to save the forgetful Jaycee nonetheless. Finally, while still confused and amnesiac, Jaycee trusts his urges, albeit in a rude way, and challenges his father to revise old decrees and sorta kick phantom butts.

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A prayer for the lost ones?

God Almighty, who thou art rumored to be full of mercy: Find it within your grace, please, to make the money & stamina come to me, so I can fund all of those forlorn souls, who would be better off, when my fiction is turned into short films as we know them from #Alter and #Screamfest.

Let me bear the burdens of luxury, doing expensive drux, and banging upper class prostitutes, so all the others can cleanse their souls by being stuck in underpaid jobs and spartan existences..? Amen.

(I felt a bit like inventing `the heretic arts´, when writing this prayer, but it also reveals the human factor we all are guilty of: Selfishness and disregard for the well-being of others and true justice. A note -> The author)

Last, but not least:

Gifting me money is possible! Or, so it seems:

- https://paypal.me/AMPietroschek
- https://www.buymeacoffee.com/pietroschek

And, some more freebies:

Most recent narrated story NOT AI voiced (horror):
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=XcydRIyaTgw

My PDF collection of freebies:
https://www.calameo.com/accounts/7603697